

steals softly over the roaring billows, and reminds thee thou art nearing the peaceful shore. Already the dark cloud which gathers above thy head is tinged with the beams of immortal glory, and away in the distance thou canst behold the first faint glimmerings of the Morning Star. Joy for thee, O wanderer! the shadows of the night are passing away, and the unclouded morning comes on apace!

Yes, thou art safe! lift up thine eyes,  
And calm thy anxious fears;  
The Sun of glory gilds the skies,  
And Christ thy life appears.